

Whole Number  
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"Can you not enlarge that a little? Has



PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, MARCH 19, 1870.

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BY MISS DOUGLAS.

The Ritualist seems to have had no answer ready, but he might have replied, the Jonah did not need a candle, being so near the whale's lights.

commemorate. But in war—try this plain  
once. War is condoned life—and the stern  
logic of fact too close at hand to be over-  
looked with impunity. You may sneer away  
an enemy's argument—but you cannot sneer  
away an enemy's artillery. Men of one  
idea therefore may make splendid writers  
and speakers; but when it comes to war,  
they will fail from the very necessity of the  
case. In war the man who can look on both  
sides, and all sides,—men who respect the


"There is not the slightest impropriety in any lady occupying this position, and I wish to assure you that the fullest protection of the court shall be accorded to you. It would be a most shameful scandal, that in our temples of justice and in our courts of law anything should be permitted which the most sensitive lady might not hear with propriety and witness; and here let me add, that it will be a sorry day for any man who shall so far forget the courtesy due and paid by every American gentleman to an American lady, as to, even by word or act, endeavor to deter you

How it shocks us, when we travel abroad, to see women engaged in sweeping the streets, acting as porters, digging canals, and doing the dirtiest work on the farms. That feeling in us, which is Nature's voice, says all this is wrong. But if these new notions of equality be true, then all this is right—women should claim no exemption

☛ A person has been arrested in London charged with sweating sovereigns and other gold coins. It appears that the coins are dissolved by acid, aided by a battery, and that the loss in some cases equals about two shillings in the sovereign.



BEAUTY! BEAUTY!!





## PROSPECTS.

We announce the following Novels as already engaged for publication:—

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By FRANK LEE BENEDICT, Author of "Don Castelli," &c., &c.

## Romeo Kane.

By MRS. HENRY WOOD, Author of "East Lynne," "George Canterbury's Will," &c., &c.

## A Novelist

By MRS. MARGARET HOSMER, Author of "The Mystery of the Red," &c., &c.

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When it is considered that the terms of THE POST are so much lower than those of any other First-class Literary Weekly, we think we deserve an even more liberal support from an appreciative public than we have ever yet received.

See TERMS under editorial head. Sample numbers (postage paid) are sent for 5 cents.

## AMERICAN LIFE IN DRESDEN.

BY JAMES LEONARD CORNING.

For many years this city of Dresden, the capital of a kingdom about as large territorially as the State of Massachusetts, has been a favorite resort of our countrymen who could command leisure "to build tabernacles" amid the glories of the Old World.

At the present writing there are fully seven hundred Americans residing here, and year by year the number increases.

I know of no European city where one can make himself and his family so comfortable, and at so moderate a cost, as Dresden. When you settle down for several months stay in a European city, it will be found necessary, both for economy and health, to set up some sort of domestic establishment kindred to housekeeping. There are a great many people living comfortably here who would, by a month's residence in a first-class hotel, be financially embarrassed, besides being half dead with dyspepsia.

What you want is a suite of apartments all ready, with every appointment—from a bedstead to a skillet—for housekeeping; so that at a few hours' notice you can make an excursion from your trunk, and take possession of an ample and commodious residence. This you can do in Dresden with less trial to purse and patience than in any European city that I am acquainted with.

At any time of the year one can hire his furnished home here, but the early spring and autumn are the seasons when there is the largest assortment to select from. Prices vary from forty to one hundred dollars per month, according to size and elegance of equipment. There are American families here whose entire annual expenses—rent, food, and clothing—come considerably inside of two thousand dollars; and there are others who spend five times this sum, and get not many added comforts, but a multitude of enervating luxuries.

On any evening of the week one may hear in Dresden the most superb rendering of the masterpieces of Beethoven and Haydn and Mendelssohn by the finest orchestras of Europe, for the sum of nine cents—paper currency. For half a dollar one can see the finest dramatic representations of the grand conceptions of Goethe and Schiller and Lessing. In fact, for half this sum it can be done, and very respectably too. The opera, too, is not expensive, except to those who make a virtue of prodigality.

Then there is the Gallery, about which I am coming over sundry things for future letters. Three or four days in the week one can sit at the feet of the greatest masters of art in the history of the world, without charge. What a school of culture is that! And the Saxony Government deserves the thanks of the civilized world for throwing open its doors to all comers.—Independent.

☞ A French schoolmaster, named Corne, has made the discovery that the herb called galega, or goat's beard, if eaten as a salad or made into a syrup, is especially suitable for suckling mothers. The schoolmaster, after his discovery by one of the most ancient of the world's herbs in this respect. Scientific research has since proved that galega contains a substance in considerable quantities, as well as all the constituents of milk, and that, in addition to providing milk in abundance, it materially improves its quality.

## EVER-SONG.

BY OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

It may be, yet, it must be, Time, that brings  
An end to mortal things,  
That sends the beggar Winter in the train  
Of Autumn's burthened wain,  
Time, that is heir of all our earthly state,  
And knoweth well to wait  
Till sea and land turned to dust and there to  
lie.  
If so it need must be,  
Ere he make good his claim and call his own  
Old empire overthrown,  
Time, who can find no heavenly orb too  
large  
To hold its fee in charge,  
Nor any notes that fill its beam so small,  
But he shall cure for all,  
It may be, must be,—yes, he shall tire  
This head that holds the lyre.

Then ye who listened in that earlier day  
When to my careless lay  
I matched its chords and stole their first-  
born thrill,  
With unthought radiant skill,  
Vexing a trouble from the slender strings  
Thine as the loom's sing,  
When the shrill-crying child of summer's  
heat  
Piped from his leafy nest,  
The dim pavilion of embowering green  
Beneath whose shadowy screen  
The small soprano tried his single note  
Against the song-bird's throat,  
And all the echoes listen, but in vain;  
They hear no answering strain,  
Then ye who listened in that earlier day  
Shall sadly turn away.

Saying, "The fire burns low, the hearth is  
cold  
That warmed our blood of old;  
Cover its embers and the half-burnt brands,  
And let us stretch our hands  
Over a brighter and fresh-kindled flame;  
Lo, this is not the same,  
The joyous singer of our morning time,  
Flashed high with lusty rhyme!  
Speak kindly, for he bears a human heart,  
But whisper him apart,  
Tell him the woods their autumn robes have  
shed  
And all their birds have fled,  
And shouting winds unbuild the naked nests  
They warmed with patient breath;  
Tell him the sky is dark, the summer o'er  
And bid him sing no more!

Ah, wailaday! If words so cruel-kind  
A listening ear might find!  
But who that hears the music in his soul  
Of rhythmic waves that roll  
Crested with gleams of fire, and as they flow  
Stir all the depths below  
Till the great pearls no calm might ever  
reach  
Leap gliding on the beach,  
Who that has known the passion and the  
pain,  
The rush through heart and brain,  
The joy so like a pang his hand is pressed  
Hard on his throbbing breast,  
When thou, whose smile is life and bliss and  
fame  
Has set his pulse aflame,  
Muse of the lyre! can say farewell to thee?  
Aye! and must it be?

In many a clime, in many a stately tongue,  
The mighty bards have sung;  
To these the immortal throng belong  
And purple robes of song;  
Yet the slight minstrel loves the slender  
tone  
His lips may call his own,  
And finds the measure of the verse more  
sweet  
Timed by his pulse's beat,  
Than all the hymnings of the laurelled  
throng.  
Say not I do him wrong,  
For Nature spoils her warblers,—then she  
feeds  
In lotus-growing meads,  
And pours them subtle draughts from  
haunted streams  
That fill their souls with dreams.

Full well I know the gracious mother's wiles  
And dear delusive smiles!  
No cello fledgling of her singing brood  
But tastes that witching food,  
And hearing overhead the eagle's wing,  
And how the thrushes sing,  
Vents his exiguous chirp, and from his nest  
Flaps forth—we know the rest.  
I own the weakness of the tuneless kind,  
Are not old harpers blind?  
I sang too early, must I sing too late?  
The lengthening shadows wait  
The first pale stars of twilight,—yet how  
sweet  
The flattering whisper's cheat,  
"Thou hast the fire no evening chill can  
tame,  
Whose coals outlast its flame!"

Farewell ye carols of the laughing morn,  
Of earliest sunshine born!  
The sower flings the seed and looks not back  
Along his furrowed track;  
The reaper leaves the stalks for other hands  
To gird with drooping bands;  
The wind, earth's careless servant, transient  
born,  
Blows clean the beaten corn  
And quits the thresher's floor, and goes his  
way  
To sport with ocean's spray;  
The headlong stumbling rivulet, scrambling  
down  
To wash the sea-girl town,  
Still babbling of the green and billowy waste  
Whose salt he longs to taste,  
Ere his warm wave its chilling clasp may  
feel  
Has twined the miller's wheel.

The song has done its task that makes us  
bold  
With secrets else untold,  
And mine has run its errand; through the  
dew  
I tracked the flying Muse;  
The laughter of the morning touched my  
lips

With rosy finger-tips;  
Whether I would or would not, I must sing  
With the new choir of spring;  
Now, as I watch the fading autumn day  
And trill my softened lay,  
I think of all that listened, and of one  
For whom a brighter sun  
Dawned at high summer's noon. Ah, com-  
rades dear,  
Are not all gathered here?  
Our hearts have answered. Yet! they hear  
our call;  
All gathered here! all! all!

—Atlantic Monthly.

## Some Notions About Domestic Bliss.

As I am an old bachelor, and generally ac-  
counted a very unwise man, my ideas about  
domestic bliss are possibly entitled to no  
respect. Not that I think so for my own  
part; indeed, I am convinced that the  
opinion I entertain on this subject are  
sound, dispassionate, and such as to com-  
mend them to all unprejudiced judges. I am  
aware, of course, that all old bachelors are  
supposed to be things with jaundiced eyes  
only; but the real truth is, they are un-  
biased "lookers-on-in Vienna," see what  
others cannot see, and perceive through  
disguises by which others are deceived. And  
it has been so long the fashion to suppose  
that domestic bliss is something which  
bachelors cannot understand, that I have  
been a sort of forced felicity that their ob-  
servation cannot have the virtue to utter  
any notion on the subject, just to show  
that, after all, the entrance into this charmed  
circle is not necessarily through the mar-  
riage-ring.

A capacious and unhandsome critic might  
say if these really is such a thing as do-  
mestic bliss, except in dreams. Are not the  
usual attempts to secure this social igni-  
fiance, such a critic will ask, marred by  
perversity of temper, opposition of ideas,  
and that general selfishness which the ac-  
cidents and accidents of home bring often so  
conspicuously to the surface? No doubt  
this critic's question is pertinent in view of  
the kind of domestic bliss that commonly  
survives the arrangement known as mari-  
mony; but he would be inspired with an-  
other feeling were he to turn his regards  
upon that neglected and depreciated class  
known as old bachelors. As an illustration  
of the comparative felicity, in a domestic  
way, between the two conditions, let me  
draw a parallel, suggested by a recent ex-  
perience of my own.

It was only three weeks ago that I ac-  
cepted an invitation to spend two days with  
my friend Appleby. Appleby is married.  
He has a wife—most married men have,  
under the name of wife, but Appleby's wife  
makes him, as it were, many times married.  
Her presence, her individuality, her temper, her  
ideas, her wishes, her inches, surround and  
multiply upon him on all sides. Appleby  
has no room in his own house, and a very  
small corner in the outside world, so com-  
pletely does Mrs. Appleby fill the boundaries  
of Mr. Appleby's sphere, and crush him into  
diminutiveness. But, after all, this is a dis-  
grace. As I have no wife, my parallel  
must confine itself to something possessed  
in common; this is not much, it is true, but,  
just to point my moral, I ask the reader to  
look on this picture, selected by way of il-  
lustration out of a whole gallery of similar  
ones, and then on the one that follows. My  
companion-pieces are of—

## TWO BREAKFAST-ROOMS.

Appleby's breakfast-room faces to the  
north. This in itself is an evil. Appleby's  
breakfast-room is warmed economically by  
stray heat coaxed away from the kitchen-  
range below, and persuaded to diffuse itself  
within this circle of domestic bliss—which  
is no doubt attempts, but ordinarily fails to  
do. This is simply an abomination. A  
breakfast-room not cheered in winter by a  
bright blaze is unworthy a place amid the  
domestic virtues. What more enervating  
experience is there than that of coming  
down in the morning to a bright, cheery  
breakfast-room, in summer glad with the  
morning sun, in winter flashing and spark-  
ling in the light of an open fire? But this  
delicacy is not all. Appleby's breakfast-  
room—it is a representative breakfast-room,  
and for this reason I select it—is hung with  
varnished paper, and is furnished with oak  
chairs and an oak buffet. Upon the walls  
are a few black, old-fashioned prints, gloomy  
in wooden frames. The floor is covered  
with an oak-colored carpet, that will not  
show crumbs. The window-curtains are—  
but there are no window-curtains. The  
room is only adorned in this particular with a  
buff-tinted shade. This is Appleby's break-  
fast-room, all garnished and beautified in  
the fine spirit and under the perfect domina-  
tion of "domestic bliss." And to this break-  
fast-room comes Mr. Appleby in slovenly  
dressing-gown and slovenly slippers, Mrs.  
Appleby in an old shawl and curl-papers,  
and several young Applebys all in tuneful  
and musical disorder. In this cheerful  
room, half-lighted, dull for want of cheerful  
tint in the furniture, and for lack of a  
blaze on the hearth, arranged purposely for  
a hurried and comfortable maternal meal,  
the "domestic bliss" of the Applebys shows  
itself in a hundred irritability. And yet  
Appleby is always boasting about his mari-  
monial felicity. He never fails to intro-  
duce in our intercourse the subject of my  
bachelor loneliness and discomfort, and  
honestly wonders why I don't set up in my  
bachelor quarters a Mrs. B.—(in curl-  
papers and faded silk, I suppose), for the  
sake of companionship, and domestic com-  
fort, and all that. And yet Appleby has  
actually seen those bachelor quarters of  
mine, has been entertained in them, and  
knows all about their supreme felicity.

But this reminds me that I am keeping the  
reader from a visit to those same quarters,  
and so let me proceed to my second picture.

It was only three days after my breakfast  
with the Applebys, that genial John Bunker  
came to breakfast with me. Jack Bunker  
is a whole-souled fellow, who knows when a  
thing is cheerful, and who has the wit to  
appreciate a bit of bachelor felicity. I al-  
ways breakfast in my library—this being the  
name my man James gives to my book-  
room, where I have a few books, a few pic-  
tures, and gather all the little tasteful  
articles that I own—a vase or two, a statuette,  
a rare print, a bit of china, all of which I  
tune up with warm upholstery. I like to  
eat in my best apartment; to partake of my  
meals under the pleasantest and most en-  
livening conditions. Eating and drinking I  
with me a fine art. That "good digestion  
may wait on appetite and health on both,"  
I put my mind in its sweetest, its calmest,  
its most contented mood, by means of all  
the agreeable surroundings I can command.  
You should have seen Jack Bunker when  
he came gayly tripping into my book-room  
on the morning referred to.

"Bless my soul, Tom, this is charming,"  
he exclaimed. And he looked around, taking  
all the points. There was a glowing blaze  
from bituminous coal in the low, polished  
grate. On a brass pedestal stood the shining  
coffee-pot, from which issued low mur-  
muring music and delicious odors. The  
firelight was glancing up on the picture-  
frames, and the gilt backs of the books, and  
on the warm-tinted walls, and the ceiling,  
and the upholstery that fell over the door-  
way, and partly shut out, partly let in as the  
window the bright gleams of light from the  
morning sun. Then the brilliant white

cloth on the table, and the easy-chairs far  
back and green, and a new picture only com-  
ing the day before standing on an easel  
near, and the morning paper warming by  
the fire-wall, it was a pleasant picture,  
even if I say it who should not. Jack rubbed  
his hands, evidently enjoying the air of  
comfort, brightness, and warmth, that filled  
the whole space, and sat himself down in  
his easy chair, and looked around at the  
book and the pictures, and repeated again,  
"Well, Jack, this is charming. You'll never  
get rid of me. I'll sip some moka, munch  
your toast, and chat about things in general  
for a week." I confess this pleased me. I  
have a weakness for this sort of quiet dis-  
cussion—I suppose it is a weakness, as a  
liking for all comfortable and pleasant things  
are weaknesses, according to a very common  
dogma—and I like to meet a man like Jack  
Bunker who thinks as I do.

I am not going to describe the breakfast  
further. My sole purpose has been to draw  
two pictures, in order to show that domestic  
bliss isn't better understood or often real-  
ized by Benedict than bachelors. But he  
doubt some one will ask why all these con-  
ditions of domestic happiness are not possi-  
ble with "lovely women." To enhance the  
bliss of the scene. Think, the questioner  
probably says, of some beautiful creature  
sitting by the side of the urn, serving your  
coffee, applauding your pictures, listening to  
you as you read a bit of news from the  
morning journal; perhaps, with her hands  
in yours, or with her dainty feet on the  
fender, chatting with you softly but joyous-  
ly over many pleasant themes. It must be  
admitted that this is a pretty picture. But  
what if the "lovely woman" comes down to  
the breakfast-room frowny and fierce? What  
if she appears in a dressing-gown and  
curl-papers? What if she has a chronic  
fondness for dishabille? What if she proves  
one of those who never serve never get calm  
or in accord until after the morning is well  
passed? In my bachelor-home, domestic  
bliss is mine, beyond doubt; if I open the  
door to a "lovely woman" there is no telling  
what Pandora's box I shall uncover. Be-  
sides, it is a conviction of mine that refined  
and perfect domestic comfort is understood  
by men only. This is rank heresy, of course.  
I know that many ladies will turn from my  
sentences in indignation; but my opinion is  
personally selfish enough to be fastidious in  
these things. They are usually neat to cir-  
cumstances; but it is a cheerless and ag-  
grieved selfishness, moral and inflammatory  
rather than luxurious and artistic. They  
are neat because they constitutionally hate  
dust, not because neatness is important to  
their own selfish comfort. Women are  
rarely epicureans. They have no keen en-  
joyment in eating and drinking, in dreams  
and laziness; they do not understand intel-  
lectual repose. It is not the quiet, the  
serenity, the atmosphere of home that they  
at heart care about. Give a woman a new  
ribbon, and she will go without her dinner.  
Promise her a ball, and she will sit nightly  
for a month in a fireless room, muffled up  
in a shawl, and never murmur. She is fond  
of dress, not of comfort; of decoration, not  
of peace; of excitement, not of felicity. And  
then, moreover, she is too willing to be il-  
lustrated; too easily satisfied in all those  
things that pertain to personal comfort, and  
is far too much disposed to make the best  
of everything, to enter fully into the neces-  
sity of creating domestic comfort. She  
likes home because she has authority,  
there she receives her friends and shows her  
furniture, there she can give grand balls,  
and thereby get invitations to other grand  
balls—but when matrimony introduces a  
man to roacher's breakfasts, to perfect little  
dinners, to delightful social evenings, to  
perfectly-appointed parlors, then I shall be-  
lieve that true domestic bliss is feminine in  
conception. But there is much more that  
may be said on this subject, and while ob-  
durate in my sins, at the same time depre-  
cating the anger of my fair readers, whom  
I still devoutly admire, I await the editor's  
permission to speak again.

## The Last Days of Pompeii.

The account of the eruption of Vesuvius,  
which overthrew Pompeii and other places,  
is given by Pliny the Younger, in the sixth  
book of his Epistles. In the first of these  
(Bk. 6, Ep. 16) he addresses the historian  
Tacitus, to whom he relates especially the  
events connected with the death of Pliny  
the Elder (uncle of the writer), who perished  
during the same eruption. Tacitus appears  
to have requested further information,  
whereupon Pliny forwarded under his obser-  
vation to occupy so much space as both letters  
would require; but, as probably few of  
your readers possess it, the following is sent,  
comprising the account of Pliny's death in  
Ep. 16, and all but the beginning and end of  
Ep. 20: "The court, beyond which was his  
apartment, by this time was so filled with  
ash and pumice stones, that had he con-  
tinued any longer in his room, his passage  
from it would have been stopped up. Being  
awakened, therefore, he quitted his cham-  
ber, and returned to Pompeiopolis, and the  
rest, whose fears had hindered them from  
sleeping, and who had been upon the watch.  
They consulted together, whether it would  
be more advisable to keep under the shelter  
of that roof, or retire into the fields; for  
the house tottered to and fro, as if it had  
been shaken from the foundation by the fre-  
quent earthquakes. On the other hand,  
they dreaded the stones, which, by being  
burnt into cinders, although they fell with  
no great weight, yet fell in large quantities.  
But, after considering the different hazards  
which they ran, the advice of going out pre-  
valled. In others, one kind of fear con-  
quered another; in my uncle, one prudential  
reason overruled another. They con-  
sidered their heads with pillows bound with  
napkins; this was their only defence against  
the shower of stones. And now, when it  
was day everywhere else, they were sur-  
rounded with darkness blacker and more  
dreadful than night, which, however, was  
sometimes dispersed by several flashes, and  
eruptions from the mountain. They agreed  
to go farther in upon the shore, and to look  
out from the neighboring land, if they might  
venture to see; but the sea continued  
raging and tempestuous. Then, my uncle  
laying himself down upon a cloth spread  
on the ground, called twice for some water,  
and drank it; but the flames, and a stench  
of sulphur, which proceeded from them, obliged  
others to immediate flight, and roused him.  
He raised himself upon his feet, supported  
by two servants, but his respiration being  
stopped, he immediately dropped down; sufficed,  
as I imagine, by the sulphur and greenness  
of the air. His lungs, as he was narrow-

choked, were naturally weak, and subject to  
inflammation. When the light returned,  
which was not till the third day after his  
death, his body was discovered unaltered  
by the fire, without any visible hurt, in the  
dorm in which he fell; appearing rather like  
a person sleeping than like one who was dead.  
We had for several preceding days together  
felt an earthquake, which, being common in  
Campania, did not much alarm us; but the  
shocks were so violent this particular night,  
that all things around us were not only  
moved, but came upon the brink of de-  
struction. My mother hastened into my  
bedchamber, at the moment of time when I  
was rising with an intention to consult her  
if I had found her sleeping. We retired into a  
little court, which lay between the house and  
the sea. I am in doubt whether my mother  
ought to be called fortunate or thankless, in  
submitting upon this occasion, for I was then but  
eighteen years of age. I called for a lady  
and read it, as if I had been quite at ease;  
and in the manner I had begun, went so far  
as to select passages from that author. A  
friend of my uncle's, who had lately come  
out of Spain, on purpose to see him, finding  
my mother and me sitting thus together,  
and, taking notice that I was reading, re-  
provered the patience of her temper and the  
indifference of mine. However, I still con-  
tinued intent upon my book. It was now  
six o'clock in the morning; yet there was  
but a faint and glimmering light. The house  
shook violently, and though we were in an  
open court, yet, as it was very narrow, and  
built almost all round, we were certainly in  
great danger. We then thought it expedient  
to leave the town; the people, disheartened  
with fears, followed us, and (such is the na-  
ture of fear, which emboldens, as most pru-  
dential, any other dictate in preference to  
its own), they pressed upon us, and drove us  
forward. When we were out of the reach of  
the buildings, we stopped; our accompani-  
ment was great, nor were our apprehensions  
less; for the carriage which we had selected  
out of the town, were so violently shaken  
from side to side, although upon plain  
ground, that they could not be kept in their  
places, even when propped by heavy stones.  
The sea, too, seemed to be forced back upon  
itself; repelled as it were by the strong com-  
pressions of the earth. It is certain that the  
shore was greatly widened, and many sea-  
animals were left upon the strand. On the  
land side a dark and horrible cloud, charged  
with combustible matter, suddenly broke,  
and shot forth a long trail of fire, in the na-  
ture of lightning, but in larger flashes.  
Then, my uncle's friend, the same who came  
out of Spain, said to us with great vehemence  
and eagerness, "If your brother, and  
your uncle, be still living, his wishes are  
employed for your safety; if he has lost his  
life, he was desirous yours might be saved.  
Why, then, will you not immediately leave  
this place?" We answered, that we were  
not so solicitous for our own, as for my un-  
cle's preservation. He then hastily withdrew,  
rushing with the utmost expedition from  
danger. Not long after, the cloud descend-  
ing, covered the whole bay; and we could  
no longer see the island of Capri, or the  
promontory of Misenum. My mother now  
began to beseech, advise, and command me  
to make my escape in any manner I could.  
She observed, that I as was young, I might  
easily take my flight; but that she, who was  
in years and less active, could patiently re-  
sign herself to death in case she was not the  
occasion of my destruction. My answer  
was, "I will never attempt at safety, if we  
are not together." And then, leading her  
by the hand, I assisted her to go faster; she  
yielded with regret, still angry at herself for  
delaying me. The ashes now fell upon us,  
however, in no great quantities. I looked  
back.

A thick, dark vapor, just behind us, rolled  
along the ground like a torrent, and fol-  
lowed us. I then said, "Let us turn out of  
this road, whilst we can see our way, lest  
the people, who crowd after us, trample us  
to death." We had scarce considered what  
was to be done, when we were surrounded  
with darkness, not like the darkness of a  
cloudy night, or when the moon disappears,  
but such as is in a close room, when all  
light is excluded. You might then have  
heard the shrieks of women, the moans of  
infants, and the outcries of men; some were  
calling for their parents, some for their  
children, some for their wives; their voices  
only made them known to each other. Some  
bawled their own fate; others the fate of  
their relations. There were some who, even  
from a fear of death, prayed to die. Many  
paid their adorations to the gods; but the  
greater number were of opinion that the  
gods no longer existed, and that this night  
was the final and eternal period of the  
world. There were others who magnified  
the real dangers by imaginary and false ter-  
rors. Some affirmed that Misenum was  
burnt to the ground; the report, although  
not true, gained credit. A little gleam of  
light now appeared. It was not daylight,  
but a forerunning of the approach of some  
dewy vapor; which, however, discharged it-  
self at a distance from us. Darkness imme-  
diately succeeded. Then ashes poured down  
upon us in large quantities, and heavy, which  
obliged us frequently to rise and brush  
them off, otherwise we had been smothered,  
or pressed to death by their weight. I  
might boast that not one sigh or timorous  
word broke from me through all this dis-  
trese, had I not fortified myself with one  
great consolation—a miserable one indeed,  
that all nature was perishing with me. At  
last this darkness, which now was drawn into  
the thickness of a cloud or of smoke, went off,  
true day appeared. The sun shone forth,  
but pale as at the time of an eclipse. All  
objects that offered themselves to our sight  
(which was yet so weak that we could scarce  
bear the return of light) were changed, and  
covered with ashes as thick as snow. At  
our return to Misenum, after having re-  
freshed ourselves, we remained in that sus-  
pense and doubt of mind which hope and  
fear inspire: fear indeed was most preva-  
lent. For the earthquake still continued,  
and several earthquakes, by dreadful prophe-  
cies, increased their own fears and the fears  
of others. But, although we had undergone  
many dangers, and dreaded still more, yet  
we could not be persuaded to quit the town  
till we had received some intelligence con-  
cerning my uncle. The foregoing is from  
the translation of the Earl of Orrey, pub-  
lished in 1751. The fall of Pompeii was in  
A. D. 79, August 24.—Quadrant.

☞ An Irishman that was very near-  
sighted, about to fight a duel, insisted that  
he should stand six paces nearer his antago-  
nist than the other did to him.

☞ Beams of the period wear an English  
frank cast, trawlers of some ribbed ma-  
terial, a Lord Stanley scarf and lavender  
gloves.



## BROTHER AND CHILD.

Within her rustic woodland bow,  
Like some warm-hearted, tender flower,  
With young buds all around her,  
She kept her gentle and glad content,  
And never a dream nor fancy went  
From the tumbled wings that bound her.

The house was full of the pleasant noise  
Of gay, glad girls and sturdy boys,  
Back with a heart like a hammer;  
They were seven in all—five ranged be-  
tween.

The head that was touching sweet pillows  
And the babe on the mother's breast.

In hopeful bliss the day went by,  
And when the first sun built in the sky  
His great red cloudy tower,  
She gazed her head about her knee—  
The sturdy three and the gentle three,  
This mother woodland flower.

And when the glory died in the west,  
And the birds were all in the sleepy nest,  
She would sit in the twilight shadow,  
And think how her baby should grow so  
fine,  
And make her place in the world to shine  
As the lily maketh the meadow.

Years came and went, and the pleasant  
noise  
Was hushed in the house and the girls and  
boys

Came now no more about her;  
As the bird went home to the drowsy nest,  
And the sun to his cloudy tower in the  
west.

They had learned to do without her!  
The little children that used to be—  
The comely three and the sturdy three—  
Young men and beautiful maidens,  
And each had chosen out of the heart,  
And gone to be in a better apart,  
And to dress them separate robes.

And the mother's thoughts went wearily  
Across the prairie, and over the sea,  
And through the wintry weather,  
About the streets, o'er the desert sand,  
To take them once again by the hand,  
And to gather them all together.

But always, as the sun went down,  
And the gold and sunset fell to brown,  
And the brown to deeper shadow,  
Her babe made all the house as bright  
As the lily, with her leaves of light,  
Maketh her place in the meadow.

She could not grow from the loving arms,  
Nor go to meet the world's storms  
Away from the lovely world;  
For death, in the broadened slip and cap,  
Had left her to lie in the mother's lap,  
In her babyhood immortal.

—ALICE CARY.

## GEORGE CANTERBURY'S WILL.

BY MRS. HENRY WOOD.

AUTHOR OF "EAST LYNN," "THE RED  
COURT FARM," &c.

## CHAPTER XXXVIII.

## ON THE WATCH.

An enemy could not have said that Kestrel Dawkes was unkind to her brother's wife. With the exception that she never quitted that unhappy lady for more than two minutes together throughout the day, she was as kind to her as kind could be. Kestrel, made of as hard iron as it is possible for a woman to be, could not but have some grains of compassion for the delicate girl (she was little more than a girl yet) wasting away to death under her eyes. It might be that she had quailings of remorse also. Not for the watching: Kestrel thought her sister-in-law some the worse for that. Not on her own score at all; but for a certain event that might be lying on her brother's conscience, and of which she strove to drive out intruding suspicions. They were too dreadful even for Kestrel. Caroline's grief for her poor child was pitiable to witness, and Kestrel felt for her in regard to that.

When Mrs. Dawkes would come down stairs in the morning, be it early or be it late, there sat Kestrel waiting for her, and begrudging the waiting with some everlasting knitting. After that, she stuck to Mrs. Dawkes throughout the day, her very shadow. If Caroline strolled out in the garden, to sit on the autumn-windy bench, wrapped up in furs (a rare occurrence), Kestrel and her knitting went too; when Caroline walked or drove over to see her mother, Kestrel was her companion; if, by rare chance, visitors called at the Rock, Kestrel sat in the drawing-room by the side of her mistress. Only in her own chamber was Caroline free. It was this disagreeable espionage that caused her to remove into the south wing, and have a barrier-door erected. Yet, at that time, had the slightest thought of the postern-door, as a possible means of admittance to her own friends, crossed her mind. It never might have been thought of, or used as such, but for the happy suggestion of her maid Fry. Fry lived in a chronic state of resentment against Miss Dawkes, and was warmly attached to her mistress. Any way, then, that she could find to "circumvent" the former (Fry's own word), in her whispered confidences to the latter, was more welcome to her than flowers in May.

But Fry had opposed the removal to the south wing. Edgar Canterbury had died in those rooms; they had never been inhabited since; and for her mistress to go into them she looked upon as boding ill-luck—nothing less than an omen that she would die in them, in her turn. Kestrel came to the rescue, and said Mrs. Dawkes might remove into them if she liked—why not? All unconscious was she of the heavy blow it might be the means of eventually dealing her brother. And so poor Caroline took up her abode in the long-unnamed wing; and very shortly afterwards caused that intervening door, covered with green baize, to be erected, shutting out the wing from the rest of the house and from Kestrel. Kestrel did not care; if Mrs. Dawkes chose to pass part of her days in seclusion, with Fry in attendance upon her, why, let her; it was only a relief to Kestrel. She could take care that no chance visitor was admitted to the south wing unaccompanied by herself. Never did it enter into Kestrel's imagination—no, not in its wildest dream—that an outer door existed to that south wing. She had never heard of it.

The postern-door, unaccompanied by the wilderness of trees and shrubs around, was

invisible to the eye. In the midst of this wilderness (as we might call it) the old lady's ghost, as you well know, appearing at will, and shrieking frightfully on windy nights—that no one ever thought of penetrating to that side of the house. And therefore, in the lapse of time, the postern-door came to be entirely forgotten by the few who had been cognizant of its existence. In after-life, Fry was wont to say that nothing less than a special revelation had made her remember in the evening when Thomas Kage was at Chilling. But Kestrel knew nothing of the postern-door; and when her sister-in-law was shut up within that wing, she supposed her to be as safe as if she were in her own greenroom. What though Caroline did take notice of these better green doors opened her? They were welcome to do it for Kestrel, who supposed it came from simple caprice, or a real desire for solitude.

Caroline was content in the opinion she had expressed to Thomas Kage, that what they feared was, that she might make a will. Of course this could not, in the Major's interest, be allowed; neither did they intend it should be. All the watching was on this score; there existed no other cause for it. Kestrel had little fear. Caroline seemed to be overwhelmed with anxiety—to have no more thoughts or care for the future disposal of her property than if it had been a host of land in the wilds of Africa. She seemed to care for nothing. She had never attempted to write a letter since she came to the Rock; her days were passed in tears and sighs—in one long monosyllable; and Kestrel believed this would continue to the end. As well, perhaps, that she did not attempt to write letters; they would not have been permitted to go out of the house without a supervision, so that it might have come to the same in the end. Kestrel watched always; she would never relinquish the watching, as long as Caroline lingered in life; but she was as sure as sure could be that it was an entirely superfluous precaution. And meanwhile she did not intend that Mrs. Dawkes should see she was watched, and had no suspicion Caroline had already detected it.

"What ever can your mistress do with herself, shut in all alone evening after evening, with not a soul to speak to?" Kestrel had said to Fry only a day or two before this visit of Thomas Kage's. "The must be frightfully lonesome."

"For the matter of that, Miss Dawkes, she has been nothing else but lonesome ever since the poor boy died," was Fry's answer. "As to what she does, she mostly lies on the sofa, sometimes with a book, often without one. All she wants is to lie in quiet, where folks won't come in to bother her with talking."

A hint for Kestrel. Fry's words were honest; and Miss Dawkes was aware she had always been objectionable to her young sister-in-law. Caroline dared not order her out of the house, as she would have done in former days. In her broken spirit, and with the remembrance of the child's death and its attendant circumstances ever upon her, she had grown to be terribly afraid of Kestrel and Barnaby. She removed to the south wing from no other motive than to be sometimes free of the former's presence, and stayed there as a refuge. But as the days went on, and she was drawing (in the fully believed) nearer to death, the obligation to make a will pressed itself with greater urgency upon her, until it seemed to grow into a religious duty that she must not fail in it if she would find peace with Heaven.

A fine bright morning—the one following the secret visit of Mr. Kage—and Kestrel Dawkes sat at her solitary but suspicious breakfast full of complacency. Caroline took her in her own chamber. Fry urged her to take it in bed; but there seemed to be ever a restlessness upon her that prevented her lying long once morning had dawned. Sitting in her arm-chair by the fire, partially dressed only, and wrapped in her dressing-gown of lavender silk, Mrs. Dawkes generally took her breakfast from the small low stand drawn close before her.

"I wonder what she'll do to-day?" thought Kestrel, as her meal over, she sat with her head upon her hand. "She said something yesterday about wanting to call on the Miss Canterburys. I'm sure I hope she'll not. Don't let her get intimate with those women," said Barnaby to me when he was down here last; and he is quite right. On the other hand, if she will call, suppose she must; it may not do to draw the reins too tight. I wish to goodness the downright cold weather would set in!"

Rising from her chair, Kestrel gave a shake to the folds of her gray-merino morning-dress with its black trimmings, and passed out to betake herself to the south wing. Ascending the stairs, she went through the picture-gallery to a small corridor which brought her to the green-baize door. Opening it at will, she was in the south wing. It contained four rooms only, and a dark lumber-closet, paneled with oak, in which receptacle were stowed away sundry articles that had belonged to Edgar Canterbury. The door of the staircase descending to the postern entrance was in this closet; and Kestrel had seen it one day that she chose to take a look round on Mrs. Dawkes's first removal; but it looked exactly like one of the panels, and Kestrel suspected nothing. Of these four rooms two were Caroline's—her sitting and bed-rooms; the small one next the baize door Fry sat in; the fourth was not used. Kestrel walked along the passage, carpeted lately, and knocked at Mrs. Dawkes's chamber.

"Come in," came the faint spiritless answer. Caroline sat in the elbow-chair, in the pretty silk gown, her golden hair falling upon it in curly waves, as it was mostly let fall now. Kestrel took her hand.

"How are you, my dear, this morning?"

"Oh, about the same, I think," was the listless reply. "I've not coughed much to-night. It's very fine—is it not?"

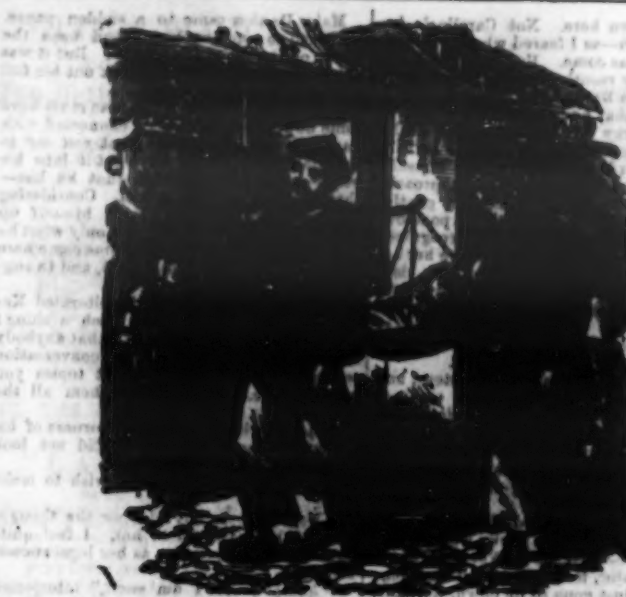
"Beautifully fine; but so sharp and cold. I don't think it will do for you to venture into the air to-day, Caroline."

"I am not thinking of venturing into it, that I know of," returned Caroline peevishly. "I shall see when I come down."

"And, my dear, is there anything particular that you could fancy for your luncheon?"

"No."

A few more of these questions and answers, a little chat on Kestrel's part—items of news she had read in the journal last night—and then she withdrew; and Caroline was left alone, to have her dressing completed by Fry. About twelve o'clock she went down-stairs, dressed for the day in her black silk, her hair gathered up in order. Kestrel drew a warm chair to the fire, and hastened to bring one of the rich-painted



CHINESE MODE OF CARRYING CHILDREN.

The above illustrates a favorite Chinese fashion of carrying children. As the above picture is from life, and it will be noticed that the father is carrying the children, while the mother walks beside them, it would seem to show that there is more old-

fashioned chivalry among the Chinese than is generally supposed. Doubtless, however, a woman's rights society will before long be formed in China, and the Chinese women will be taught that the above mode of doing things is an outrage and an oppression.

white-velvet foot-stocks. Close upon this the old doctor came in. He had been medical attendant to the Rock as long as the Canterburys had inhabited it—a hale simple-minded gentleman, turned seventy now, with fresh-colored cheeks and white hair. Mr. Owen's daily visits were the only break in Caroline's monotonous life. As he sat there to-day, telling of various out-door incidents, he mentioned the arrival of Mrs. Dean and of Mr. Kage.

Caroline's cheeks grew rosier, knowing that she had to appear as if it were now; and her attempt at doing so was rather a poor one; but Kestrel failed to notice in her own intense, and not pleasant, surprise she observed nothing.

"Mr. Kage?" exclaimed Kestrel. "What! Thomas Kage?"

"Yes; I don't know any other Mr. Kage," was the surgeon's answer. "He got here yesterday evening, he tells me, and is staying at the inn."

"But, Mr. Owen, what has he come for?"

"To see the old place again, I suppose," Miss Dawkes. "I didn't ask him."

Kestrel layed into silence, pondering over certain interests with herself. She thought it very undesirable that any communication should take place between Mr. Kage and Caroline, and wondered what ill wind could have blown him to Chilling just now. Who was to know that he, connected as he had been with the child's property, might not get urging his cousin to make a will?

"Of course, he will come to call on me," suddenly spoke Caroline, the first words she had uttered. "Mr. Owen, if you see him, tell him that he must not go away without calling on me."

But her lame words; as Kestrel might have thought, but she was so preoccupied with her own reflections. For Thomas Kage to come to Chilling and not call to see Caroline would have been an anomaly.

When Mr. Owen left, Kestrel, as was her frequent custom, went with him to the hall. She was in the habit of evincing much anxiety that Caroline's health should be restored, her life prolonged.

"No, I do not think her any better," Miss Dawkes, "was the doctor's answer to the query put; and at the same moment Fry, happening to see them from the back of the hall, came forward to join in the colloquy.

"Looks brighter, you fancy? Nonsense! She's flushed, if you will; flushed with nervousness and sleeplessness. I tell you she is nearly as weak as a woman can be, my dear madam, short of absolute helplessness. The poor young thing is eating away her heart with grief for her child; and my sympathetic opinion is—and has been, you know, Miss Dawkes, for some time—that the solace she lives in is not good for her."

"And so I say," put in Fry, who did not at all like the colloquy on her own account. "To mope all alone cannot be good for any one. She never does an earthly thing but read a bit—as I've told you, Mr. Owen—and that not for five minutes together. But if she won't be roused, why, she won't—and there it is."

"Ah," concluded the doctor, as he took his departure. "It's one of those cases, I'm afraid, that all our care and skill, except them as we will, are unable to touch."

A comforting assurance for the interests of Barnaby Dawkes. Kestrel heard it with an untroubled face, and turned indoors.

The next visitor to make his appearance was Thomas Kage. The sun was at its meridian height when he was shown in, and poor Caroline sat where his rays could fall on her wan face. She seemed strangely passive; a little faint coloring might flush into the face, but she did not rise from her chair; only let him take her hand in silence. The emotion of the meeting had spent itself the previous night; Caroline, besides, was afraid lest an incoherent word should betray that it had taken place, and so kept still. Kestrel Dawkes, sitting quite unconsciously near, was greatly surprised at the apathetic character of the interview.

Kestrel talked. Mr. Kage talked. Caroline scarcely spoke a word. But the conversation turned solely on commonplace nothing; and, so far as Kestrel could see, Mr. Kage's visit to Chilling had been made without reference to Mrs. Dawkes. She would have liked to knit a thanksgiving for it into her knitting.

"Caroline," he said, "do you know that you are looking quite painfully thin?"

"Yes; painfully so; you have used the right word, Thomas. I know it more and more every day when they dress me, for my things hang upon me now like bags."

"You should have some change; staying in this solitude at the Rock cannot be good for you. Miss Dawkes, I think you might have perceived this before, and suggested to Major Dawkes that something should be tried."

Miss Dawkes let her knitting fall on her lap, and stared at Caroline with a face of concern, as if she saw the signs of sickness for the first time. As her eyes met, quite accidentally, that of Mr. Kage, a vivid recollection of the interview she had once held

with him to her sick despair flashed into her mind, bringing a shiver to her London cheek. Perhaps she thought of the contrast between Barnaby's London condition then and his flourishing state now;—perhaps the first access because she feared Mr. Kage must be thinking of it.

"Caroline, do look this; unusually so to-day," she quietly replied. "I hope a little time will see an improvement. She is unwilling to stir from home."

"I shall never stir from home until I am cured out of it," interposed Caroline. "What does it matter where I am—here or elsewhere? It won't be for so very long."

"But Caroline, you should not indulge this kind of thought," said Mr. Kage, in a tone of remonstrance.

"Why not? I do not wish to live. And if I did wish it, it would be all the more, for I know that nothing can prolong my existence. When they took my boy's life, they virtually took mine."

The interposition was evidently not spoken with any intention of soothing. Mr. Kage made no observation; Kestrel was picking up some stitches that had dropped.

"I should like to go to Tom. When he used to wish to be with the angels, I wondered greatly. I could not understand it. But I wish to see myself—do go away and be with the angels—and with him."

Kestrel lifted her eyes and telegraphed a confidential look to Mr. Kage. It meant to say, "Don't notice her; this comes of her spirits." He made no answering sign; he believed it came of the truth; and that she was following her little son as quickly as was possible.

"Caroline, do you see Mr. Rufort?"

"No."

"But you ought to do so. Speaking in a worldly point of view only, his visit would do you good; he is a very agreeable man. And if there be any graver necessity—"

"The last time he came, Miss Dawkes sent word that he was too poorly to be seen," interrupted Caroline.

"And so you are, my dear," cried that affectionate lady in a sweetly soothing tone. "And the time before that you went out and met him, and he turned back again; and another time you told me he had been to the cottages on the common, where the scarlet fever was, and that it would not do for him to come into me then," quietly went on Caroline.

Mr. Kage turned his luminous eyes on Miss Dawkes. Questioning eyes just then.

"My dear Caroline, Mr. Rufort can come to you every day, if you like," said the guardian dragon, who felt scared out of the best part of her equanimity in the presence of Mr. Kage. "I'll drop him a note, my dear, to-day."

A little more conversation bringing forth no particular fruit, and then luncheon was announced. Mr. Kage rose to leave, declining the invitation to stay. Caroline got up as he took her hands. She was visibly agitated.

"Shall I see you again, Thomas? Shall I ever see you again?"

"Ever!—yes, I hope so. Not this time, I fear, for I leave for London to-morrow morning. You can write to me news of how you go on, and—"

"I never write," interrupted Caroline. "It is too much exertion for me now. I have not written a word to anybody, Thomas, since the blow fell."

"Perhaps Miss Dawkes, then, will drop me a line, should there be any change," he rejoined, glancing at that lady. "Should you need me in any way, Caroline, I will come."

Miss Dawkes graciously acceded: promising and vowing to write on any and every occasion that Mr. Kage could possibly be wished for. Without, however, having the smallest intention of doing it.

"Why are you going so soon?" resumed Caroline. "I think you might take this one meal with me."

"I agreed to take it at Miss Canterbury's."

"As you please, of course. I am nothing to any one now, and shall soon be less." Her subdued voice spoke of rain, hot tears stood in her eyes. Thomas Kage held out his arm to lead her to the dining-room, and sat down by her side. His heart smote him for the unkindness he would have committed. Never again, in all probability, would the opportunity be afforded him of taking the meal with her; whereas he would most likely often take it in future times and seasons with the Miss Canterburys.

And she was gratified; there was no doubt of that. A soft pink shone on her cheeks, a light in her eyes; and she talked a little. Kestrel, almost ignored, glanced up again and again, surreptitiously from her place below, as she revelled in the delicacies provided.

But Caroline ate nothing. The wing of a partridge was on her plate, but she merely toyed with it; and the pink faded again, and the bright eyes grew dim. Every soothing attention that Thomas Kage could give, he

did give. Perhaps the remembrance of the first dinner he had ever eaten in this melancholy room, when she was by his side, he not then the Rock's mistress, lay on both of them. Could they have foreseen at that happy banquet the fruits that a few years would bring forth? Then does indeed work strange change.

The meal over, Mr. Kage, preparing finally to depart, held out his hand again to Caroline. Instead of responding to it, she took his arm, and went with him outside the door. Kestrel came flying up with a warm blush—the inevitable pink—and stood barefoot close to Caroline's side. It was a warm, lovely day for late autumn; quite a contrast to the cold of the preceding one, the wind—what slight wind there was—blew in the softest quarter. Mr. Kage turned his steps to the right, towards the side gate.

"Why are you going this way, Thomas?"

"I shall cross over to your mother's cottage, Caroline. I want to see her this afternoon, and this is the nearest way."

At the gate, to which they walked in silence, Caroline halted, not leaving his arm. Miss Dawkes, making proper remarks upon the beauty of the weather, was patient as any lady could be.

"I think I will go with you, Thomas. I can walk as far as that."

This did alarm Miss Dawkes. In the first place, the conventional commonplace with Thomas Kage was not desirable; every minute she was in greater danger that he might accidentally say an unguarded word of commendation to the extreme disposal of the postern-door, on which he stood.

In the second, Kestrel had noticed on her hand, and was very anxious to see it.

"Walk to Mrs. Kage's?" the question almost with a start. "My dear Caroline, you must not attempt it. The last time you could hardly get home; that's a fortnight ago, and you are weaker since then."

"But I had got my cousin's arm to lean upon," Miss Dawkes, was the old answer. "Thomas, I should like to go, if you will not mind the trouble of waiting back with me. I feel that I ought to do so."

Without a word of dissent he took her through the gate, and led her less all the weight upon him. And there never been any feeling between them but that arising from relationship, he might have passed his arm round her waist to help her on her way. But the very consciousness of what had been had made him throughout her married life more carefully respectful to her. And so they walked slowly—Caroline in her warm velvet cloak and hat, Kestrel in nothing.

There is not the slightest necessity for you to come, Miss Dawkes," said Caroline, stopping to speak. "Mr. Kage will take care of me."

"O, my dear, I wouldn't be so selfish as to suffer you to go alone," returned Kestrel. "Don't mind me."

"I am not alone. You have no woman on."

"It is quite delightful, dear, to be with a woman this week day. I'm sure it's like summer," responded Kestrel, shivering just a little, and wishing Mrs. Dawkes would be taken with a fit, or any other ailment that might stop the expedition. "Mr. Kage, how is your sister Charlotte?"

"Mrs. Lawrence! Quite well, and busy and happy as usual with her many children."

"Does Mr. Lawrence get on any better?" continued Kestrel in a tone of compassion.

"Thank you, be done. Lawrence has turned the lane at last, and is in a fair way of accumulating a fortune. Mrs. Lawrence's legacy to his wife has been the means of effecting it."

"O!" said Kestrel.

They came to the barrier in the field where the stile used to be. It was a gate now. How vividly the spot brought back that unhappy day to Thomas Kage, when he had found Caroline talking there with George Canterbury, and the time she had dealt himself within a few minutes of it!

He had never been the same man since. And she the vain, heartless girl, had grown into this poor, elderly, spiritless shadow, leaning on his arm, soon, very soon, to die.

Mr. Kage was a worse spectacle—a miserable dried-up, puny, who had some little remains of mind left; but no capability of comfort in life. She could not eat and drink as she used; she had remained her chief solace, and that was leaving her. She sat huddled up in her chair in the bedroom, close to the fire, and was the veriest object Mr. Kage had ever looked upon. At the first moment he started back. No more now, no tooth, no false hair; when mortals get very near the grave, these adjuncts are left off. She was wrapped up in an old blue-silk cloak lined with ermine, that had once been young Mrs. Canterbury's; her pained fingers kept clutching at the fastening cord and laces. O, what a wreck it was! What a wreck both were!

What good had George Canterbury's money, that they so schemed for, brought to either? Thomas Kage could not help a fancy coming over him that it must have entailed evil.

Blinking upwards, she at length recognized her visitors. Caroline and Mr. Kage sat down by her; Kestrel put herself on the other side, near to the fire. The sight of Thomas Kage appeared to reawaken the pained woman to memories and interests.

"What's the matter with her?" she suddenly asked, touching Caroline, but addressing Mr. Kage.

"I do not know. I am grieved to see her looking so ill."

"She's dying. I know it. Every time she comes to see me there's less life in her. What do you do to her—you and that false brother of yours?"

The latter query was directed with a raised voice and menacing gesture to Miss Dawkes. That lady, receiving it in silence, stared a little; it took her by surprise.

"I'd like you to ask it, Thomas; and to require an answer from them. I can't, and I've got nobody here to do it for me or to speak to. They are killing her between them. He'll get all the money, you know."

Kestrel's gray face took a tinge of purple. This turn in the conversation was by no means agreeable. Caroline was the one to break the silence.

"Mamma, do not let my state of health trouble you. I am as happy at the Rock as I should be anywhere else; happier perhaps. Major Dawkes has gone his own way this many a day, and I have gone mine. As to Miss Dawkes here, she is as attentive to me as can be."

Mrs. Kage blinked out at the three and shook her head. The matter was too complicated for her weakened mind to deal with or retain long. Again she bent towards Thomas Kage, and lowered her voice to a semi-whisper.

"If the time [could come over again, Thomas, I'd not urge her to marry into the



...fashionable new moldy she got from Pitts-  
burg last week. "None," cool-voiced, soft  
...w, ...outside has been to ...



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